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Appreciation came late to Manet. Not until 1880 did dealers begin to buy his pictures. Faure, the singer, was a steady patron, as well as a good subject; he at one time owned thirty-five paintings. Of late years his fame has grown fast—too fast—fostered by several skillfully conducted exhibitions; but though a reaction may come and the enthusiasm of the last few years cool perceptibly, the truth will remain, Edouard Manet was a very great painter.

ARTHUR J. EDDY.



CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE NEW GALLERY.

This year's exhibition of the Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers at the New Gallery in London is confined to the works of members of the society. Probably this will not be a precedent for the exclusion of outsiders' work at subsequent shows. Certainly it serves the useful purpose of illustrating the resources of a large body of artists included in the membership.

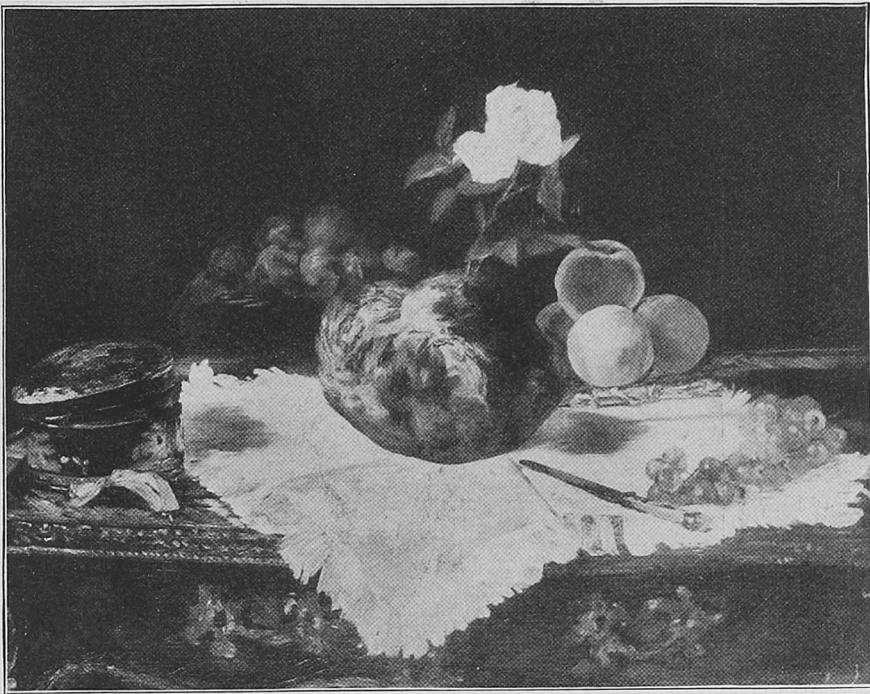
It shows how clever, how unconventional and how modern they can be when they are left to themselves. If this modernity of spirit be unduly vehement and unrestrained—and that is an obvious effect, especially when one goes to the New Gallery from the academy where Hals, Rembrandt, Reynolds and Gainsborough represent the power, imagination, distinction and grace of the old masters—it is the present day Art as practiced for workers of downright sincerity in the kingdom, on the Continent and in America.

Subject is more important than quality, style, color or charm, and generally it is something without inherent beauty or dignity and often something disagreeable and unwholesome. These modern painters, sculptors and gravers share the preference of current novelists for what is morbid and unpleasant, and, brilliant and realistic as the technique may be, old fashioned lovers of Art revert to higher and nobler themes and methods of treatment, precisely as booklovers brush aside the ephemeral fiction of the day and refresh themselves by re-reading standards and classics.

Yet the restless and penetrating modern spirit is in these works, with its own methods of observation, of stating what it perceives and of developing the resources of the subject. It deserves critical study like every other phase of modern life. The German etchings seem hard and metallic and the French paintings coarse and repellent in composition and color, but there is individuality in the Art, and it often pulsates with creative power.

These international congresses enable Art workers to find out what is going on in other countries and to broaden their style. Coarse realism like Zuloaga's "Vieux Marcheur," with its rakish old man in pursuit of two fast women is offensive in subject and without charm of composition or color, but the figures are vital and something is to be learned from the cleverness with which the paint is put on the canvas. Besnard's portrait of Mme. Jourdain involves an ingenious portrayal of lights at cross-purposes in a brilliantly painted iridescent gown, and it is worthy of study, even if the modelling of the head has been sacrificed.

There are many other ultra-modern performances in oil, and there is a conspicuous one in the central sculpture—Lambeau's theatrical bronze, entitled "Murder." There is also much cleverness in execution without ignoble subjects or frivolity in method. There are two Boldini portraits of marked originality. There are portraits by Blanche and Aman-Jean with individuality of method, and there is an American one by Cecilia Beaux with brushwork as bold and free as Mr. Sargent's.



LE BRIOCHE
By Edouard Manet

There is another American work of power and charm in composition and color—Gari Melchers's "Arbor"—and J. J. Shannon has a fascinating study of firelight in a family group of eight. With so fantastic a scheme of lighting, proportion and perspective baffle criticism, especially as little floor space is shown; but the grouping is delightful and the likenesses are excellent. Mrs. Shannon is finely posed in the background; Mrs. Hitchcock, with dreamy face, is close to the hearth, with two friends behind her, and in the foreground is Miss Shannon with a girlish friend.

William Nicholson is one of the boldest exhibitors, because his "Miss Alexander" challenges comparison with a famous Whistler. The work is so modern and ingenious as to be fairly humorous. He has sketched the lady primly seated on a table in a riding habit, and again in the background mounted on a fine horse, the second representation being a framed painting with glass, in which the black hat in her lap is reflected.

In this way she is painted so as to be seen on and off her horse in the same canvas. It is a marvel of ingenuity, with most effective realism in the seated figure.

John Lavery has painted a wonderful gown in a hammock, but the girl inside the clothes seems hopelessly twisted and anatomically involved, and the work is inferior to the older and simpler portrait of Miss Mary



LE BOUVEUR D'EAU
By Edouard Manet

Morgan in another room. C. H. Shannon's "Golden Age" is an ambitious idyl with nudes and half-draped figures under trees, and, while it is decorative, it produces a feeling of disappointment, since it is so obvious that the picture ought to have been better than it is, when so much work has been expended upon it. Rickett's "Death at the Auction" is brilliantly painted, whatever may be the meaning of his allegory, and Francis Howard has been experimenting successfully with Veronese's silvery tones, and Mr. Orpen has been toying with his memories of Hogarth in painting a performing bear in a tavern yard.

Among the marines and landscape Charles Cottet's "Cote Sauvage, Bretagne," has dignity and power; M. le Sidaner's studies of Venice and Bruges have tranquil beauty; there is a good Mesdag—a twilight effect at Scheveningen; a sombre but beautiful Peppercorn—"Moonlight"; and a remarkably clever and even brilliant picture by Mr. Pryde—"View Through a Barn."

The sculpture hall contains much work of a high order. M. Rodin's bust of "Lord H. de W." springing out of a block of marble may be eccentric, but what a striking likeness he has produced in his bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw!

F. N. C.



ENFANT
By Edouard Manet

FAKE SALES OF ORIENTAL RUGS.

Every means of fraud known to the business world, writes the editor of the Boston Oriental Rug Monthly, seems to be employed by some traders in oriental rugs. In all probability there is no richer field for the unscrupulous to make their living by fraudulent means.

Chief among many features of these schemes in the business of oriental rugs is the sheriff sale scheme, which has made a profound impression for many years in various parts of the country, with varying success, which is anything but honorable and manly. The sheriff sale scheme, as our readers may know, is a simple matter and is really a pretense. The way it is carried on in the oriental rug trade (so far as we have been able to trace) is in the following manner: